Threnodia Apollinaris.

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A

Funeral POEM,

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

Dr. Martin Lister,

Late *Physician* to Her MAJESTY.

------- *Mors sola fatetur*
Quantula sunt hominum corpuscula.

By *E. Settle.*

London, Printed for the Author, 1712.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

A Funeral Poem, &c.

WHAT tho' but rais'd from Duſt, Thou HUMAN-*Mould*,
By what Illuſtrious *Charter* doſt thou hold;
Thou, when the GOD his WORLD's Foundation caſt,
Of his whole Six Days Work the Greateſt *Laſt*?
Yes Earth, Heav'n, Stars, and Sun, the whole vaſt Round
He built for Thee, all to thy Service bound:
Thus marſhall'd by the ARCHITECT *Divine*,
Did his Firſt leſſer leading Labours ſhine:
Their humbler Glories in the Front appear,
Whilſt Thou, true SOV'REIGN-like, bringſt up the Rear.
As proud HUMANITY, GOD's Nobleſt Frame
In his own Image ſtampt this Right cou'd claim;
To that Rich Soul this vaſter Portion giv'n
WIT, LEARNING, WISDOM, all thoſe brighteſt Sparks of Heav'n,
This *Finiſht Piece*, a Copy rais'd to ſhine
In nearest the *Original Divine*,

What Luſtre muſt thoſe added GRACES give,
Proud MAN, to heighten thy Prerogative!

Such the loſt HEAD we mourn; ſo *LISTER* ſhin'd
A SOUL ſo furniſht, GENIUS ſo refin'd;
No Brow cou'd ever richer Chaplets twine
At leaſt with *Gems* from WISDOM's ſacred Mine.
But whilſt the *LISTER* Lawrels we recount
So deep his Draught from LITERATURE's rich Fount,
'Twas not enough we ſaw thro' her each Claſs
Of humbler Arts the Learned *LISTER* paſs.
Lead him my *Muſe*, up to his brighteſt Shine;
In his moſt Darling Study, MEDICINE.

Oh MEDICINE, to thy exalted Praiſe,
What Pyramids th' endebted World muſt raiſe!
To chant thy WORTH, thy Sourſe of GLORY track,
Look look, my *Muſe*, ev'n to Times Nonage back.
In th' unenlighten'd Age when Mortal Knees
Bow'd to their own created Deities,

Blindly

Blindly their own dark Plans of *Worſhip* drew,
Built both their *Temples* and their *Godheads* too:
Their *PHOEBUS* thus fixt in his rowling Throne,
Not in his viſible bright Beams alone
Their Radiant GOD of *Day*: To make him ſhine
Yet brighter with more Attributes Divine,
They made him Patron of the ſacred *Nine.*
Nor Preſident of inſpired WIT alone,
But rais'd yet high'r to WISDOM's Sov'reign Throne;
From hence his *Delphick Grandeur* they enſtall'd,
To his *Prophetick* and *Orac'lous* Glory call'd.

As to theſe Heights their pious Tranſports rode:
To mount him yet a more *Illumin'd* GOD;
Not only in his blazing Chariot driv'n.
To conſummate the *Deity* they had giv'n
O're *Herbs* and *Minerals* they made him ſhine
The Lord of all that *Treaſury* Divine:
Advanc'd him to his more Celeſtial Pride,
O're *Medicinal* SCIENCE to preſide.

Yes MEDICINE, his whole Divinity,
The bright Adord's rich Veins all fill'd with Thee,
Reſolv'd ev'n to immortalize thy WORTH,
He gave the World the *Æſculapian Birth.*
Well ſacred SCIENCE, with thy Luſtre fill'd
Might ſuch Devotion ſuch thy Temples build,
Whilſt from the mighty Wonders wrought by Thee,
Ev'n Natural Adoration bends a Knee.

But Sovereign MEDICINE's high Riſe to mount
Up to a true Divine Original Fount,
From this her Airier Herauldry of Fame
Blazon, my Muſe, her more ſubſtantial Claim.
In TRUTH Celeſtial *Truth's* Records enroll'd,
Read there the far Renown'd Crown'd *Head of old *K. Solomon
Whom with uncommon Smiles, uncommon Grace,
Call'd t' *Iſrael's* Throne, the Great ſucceeding Race
From his own beſt-lov'd Royal Fav'rite born,
Th' OMNIPOTENT himſelf reſolv'd t' adorn;

What

What tho' by the Almighty's own Command,
He the great Founder, His the choſen Hand,
To build his own bright TEMPLE, call'd to raiſe
That ſacred Dome to his Immortal Praiſe:
'Twas not that ſhining Roof adorn'd ſo fair,
Uprais'd his Nobleſt Fame, tho' God himſelf dwelt there.
WISDOM he askt, and WISDOM he obtain'd.
Ay! there the *SOLOMON* Perfection reign'd;
Ligh't by uncommon Intellectual Beams
He ſearcht and found the *Medicinal* Gemms,
He ranſackt Nature's *Garden Treaſure, all*
From the proud Cedar *down to th'* Hyſſop *on the Wall.*

Ay! this bright *Inſpiration* to receive
This was a *Preſent* for a GOD to give.
For Oh, what *Depths profound*, to Thee has Heav'n,
What *ſublime Task*, Illuſtrious SCIENCE, giv'n;
Beyond the Reach of humbler Studies, all
The meaner Works within their Circle fall.

What

What tho' th' Almighty Architect above,
This vaſt *Machine* his Univerſe to move
By his own Potent Hand alone, ſo pleas'd,
Upholds the *Greater World* his *Fiat* rais'd:
MAN, his *leſs World*, Oh MEDICINE! to Thee
No leſs than the Immortal Deputy,
Tho th' Human *Fabrick* all his Work Divine,
To thee he does his *Tutelar Charge* aſſign,
So much the Human *Preſervation's* thine.
Tho' all Doom'd Heads at laſt muſt bow t' a Grave,
Oh what *Reprieves* Thou bringſt whole Lives to ſave!
What *Bays* then thy Learn'd Sons deſerv'dly wreath,
Ev'n th' HEROES call'd to raiſe the Siege of Death.
Yes, MEDICINE, the Students in thy *School*,
Over Health's balmy Waters call'd to rule,
Are all Commiſſion'd *Angels* at the *Pool*.

Thro' this fair SCIENCE this Learn'd Graduate paſt,
A Conqueſt warmly puſht, and held as faſt.

The

The Depths of her whole *Mines* he reacht ſo far,
As ranſackt all the ſacred *Treaſure* there.
Nor was't enough his Service to Mankind
Shou'd be to his own Span of Life confin'd.
POSTERITY no leſs his equal Care,
Reſolv'd long *Ages* ſhou'd his *Benefits* ſhare;
Lo, where his Medicinal Oracles
To thoſe voluminous Records he ſwells,
That Junior Heads might his great Labours read,
And learn to follow where our *LISTER* led.
Thus *LISTER's* Monumental Name ſhall ſtand,
HEALTH's *Patriot Champion* down to *Time*'s laſt Sand.

Nor was't enough his Proweſs to employ
'Gainſt the arm'd Hoſt which NATURE's *Peace* annoy,
Thoſe Troops of *Maladies* that daily make
Their fierce Efforts MAN's *leſſer World* to ſhake,
Their whole Hoſtilities Foundation trackt
His Potent Skill both hunted and attacqu'd;

His more Luxuriant *Studies* no leſs Round
Than the *Large World's* more ſpacious Range cou'd bound:
When, lo, his *Pen* ev'n NEPTUNE's Depths t' explore,
Pourtraid the very *Shells* that ſpangle all the Shore.
See next the Toùr he made through *Earth* and *Air*,
In queſt of NATURE's *Works*, a Chace ſo fair,
Down to her pooreſt *Reptile Wanderer*.
Ev'n thoſe minuteſt Heads he did ſurvey,
Their humble Neſts and their uncommon Births diſplay.

But hold, my *Muſe*, what's all the gilded *Bays*
Twine the Learn'd Brows, or *Monuments* they raiſe;
When the Deſtroyers laſt ſure Stroke of Fate
Nor ART nor *ARTIST* can that Edge rebate.
From Balms, Herbs, Minerals, (not his own whole
Too feeble Skill cou'd that dread Pow'r controul)
Thus from precarious Life call'd up to mount
To HEALTH's Immortal Spring, th' Eternal *Gilead* Fount,
What muſt a loſeing World's juſt Sorrow pay
To ſuch expiring WORTH's long ſetting Day!

Yes,

Yes, *LISTER*, to a Memory ſo dear
Ev'n *Publick Gratitude* here ows a Tear.
Thus th' hundred Eyes muſt thy true Mourners be
Who once look'd up to Light and Life by Thee.
No true ſad Waiters at *Thy* Grave, ah none,
Like thoſe by Thee once reſcued from their *Own.*
The loſt PHYSITIAN, ſuch laid Heads, to mourn,
Theſe, theſe are the Attendants at his Urn.

But whilſt thus far thy feeble Airs eſſay
To that once *Lawrel'd*, now *Starr'd* Head to pay,
My humble *Muſe*, thy duteous Offering:
To that Great Name touch a yet loftier String,
A *LISTER's* more Divine Memoirs to ſing.
Lead him in thoſe proud Robes of Honour here
Deckt and array'd t' his late ſublimeſt Sphere;
Selected by the Soveraign *ALBION* Voice
The Sacred *ANNA's Eſculapian Choice.*
[illegible] his humbler Glories in the Front appear
[illegible] this his greateſt Laſt bring up the Reer;

Join'd

Join'd in Commission, in a Trust so large,
With fair *BRITANNIA's Guardian Angels* Charge.
Yes, *ANNA*, Pride of *BRITAIN*, *EUROPE's* Shield.
Thou Darling of both Worlds, Thy Throne so fill'd,
To that fair Hand this vast Commission given
At once the Champion both of *Earth* and *Heaven*,
It is enough Great *ANNA's* Choice, so Blest,
So Graced, so Honour'd, such the shining Crest
And Glorious Mantling which her *LISTER* drest.
Those Trophies did our *ANNA's LISTER* boast:
But oh, in Death the Plumes all stript and lost,
That Charge he now resigns ------ said I resigns?
Ah no, even still in that bright Trust he shines;
In *ANNA's* Cause beyond the very Grave,
A *Ministring Hand* that Darling LIFE to save.
Yes with the whole *Celestial Host* now joyn'd,
A Life so dear their Equal Care assign'd,
Behold him in the List of her Immortal Guard,
With the *Seraphick Train* their Post of Duty shar'd.

FINIS.

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